

## she liked mike by harryisqueen

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Benny Hammond, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-02-16

**Updated:** 2018-02-16

**Packaged:** 2022-04-21 15:07:33

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,333

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

1 helped her but had called the bad men on her. 2 called her crazy.  
And 1 helped her and made her feel like a human.

## **she liked mike**

All Eleven knew was sterilization. Never exposed to sickness. Never able to express true feelings. All she knew was what she had. Sterile, weekly doctors, needles and Papa. Eleven had never known a better life. She hadn't even known a better life existed. That was until she was finally able to leave that awful place.

The day she managed to escape was one she would remember for the rest of her life. Once she had left the lab and the doors had slammed behind her she did not stop running. She was aware of the pain in her feet as she ran through the mysterious area with the tall trees.

Eleven finally stopped running once her lungs began harshly constricting against her rib cage and she was so out of breath she collapsed against a tree planting heavily. She had escaped. Truly escaped. She had left that place.

Eleven was not naïve she knew papa would eventually find her (although she really hoped he would not). She was free. Free of that awful place. Eleven squeezed her eyes tightly as tears fell from her eyes. She reached her hand and swiped them away in confusion. She was not sad. Why was she crying?

Eleven took another large gulp of air before standing up. Now that she was no longer in the lab, she needed to find someone. Someone to help her. Someone who was not papa. She began walking in the direction where she saw the trees ended and there was what appeared to be a small building. Like the lab, but smaller. Much smaller.

She reached the edge of the woods and her brows furrowed in confusion and slight amazement as she watched a man throw a large bag of something into a small metal deprivation tank. Maybe not a deprivation tank though. It looked like one. However, it was smaller and much less scary looking.

Once Eleven had watched the man walk, back inside the small building she tentatively made her way over to the tiny tank to

investigate. Upon reaching, it and looking inside she did not see any water. In fact, this small thing seemed to have a foul smell. Eleven wrinkled her nose at the strong stench radiating from the trashcan.

Eleven then moved towards the door that man had walked into to get into this small building. She put her hand on the doorknob, turned it quickly, and pushed open the door. She slowly walked into the building examining her surroundings. Everything in here was foreign to her. Everything seemed metal like the lab but had a much more inviting smell.

Eleven continued to explore the kitchen until she stumbled upon something that smelled amazing. It looked like the green beans she was fed at the lab but a more yellowish colour. She nervously raised one to her mouth to taste it.

The food spread across her taste buds the salty flavours making her begin to shove more and more of this delicious mystery into her mouth.

Her new exploration of the delicious food was interrupted when she heard a loud voice shout “Hey.”

Her head jerked up to see the man from earlier angrily moving towards her.

Eleven begin to panic. This was not good. She grabbed the basket of the newfound food and took off running trying to remember the way out. This felt like escaping the lab all over again. Scary. Eleven was unable to make it out of the building however because she felt a large hand grab onto the top of her arm and then grabbing the other arm and forcing her to look at him.

“Do you think you can steal from me boy?” The man angrily spat out.

Eleven was confused by the man’s question. What was steal & why did this man think she was a boy?

The man’s eyes flitted over Eleven’s face then he muttered out a confused “What the hell?”

Just a few short moments later Benny and Eleven were sitting at a table together and he had given her a hamburger and what she discovered were called French fries.

“So what’s your name?” The man Eleven learned to be called Benny asked her.

She stared back at him with a blank stare. The man rolled his eyes in annoyance and tried to reach over and take her fries and burger. She snatched it back and shook her head.

“Listen no food unless I know your name.

Eleven blinked emotionlessly at him before flipping over her arm to reveal where 011 was imprinted in black. Benny’s eyebrows furrowed in confusion. Eleven pointed to her wrist then herself.

“Oh, I get it your names Eleven,” Benny said.

Eleven nodded her head relieved Benny finally understand.

Once Eleven had finished her food Benny stood up wiping his palms across his thighs.

“How about some ice cream Eleven?” He asked her smiling at her.

Eleven nodded her head excitedly. Once Benny had given her the ice cream and he had begun washing dishes she settled herself onto the counter to sit and eat it. It tasted nice. Cold but still nice.

Benny turned around with a small smile “You like that ice cream huh?”

Eleven returned the smile and nodded her head.

“That smile looks good on ya,” Benny said.

Eleven’s brows furrowed at him.

“Smile.” He said cracking an awkward smile.

Eleven gave him a tiny smile in return before going back to eating

her ice cream. However, a knock at the door startled Eleven from eating and her head snapped up to look in the direction the knock came from.

“Well, you sit tight whoever it is I’ll just tell them to go away real quick,” Benny said to her.

She could tell Benny was nervous for some reason, which made her highly suspicious. She watched as Benny left the kitchen and she heard murmurs of conversation. Then a loud bang. She saw Benny’s body fall to the ground. Oh no. Papa had found her.

Eleven immediately leapt from the counter dropping the ice cream and shoving her way out of the double doors. She didn’t make it very far through the doors however because almost immediately she ran into the bad men. Eleven jerked her head slightly snapping the men’s necks and she ran out the door as fast as her small body could carry her.

Eleven didn’t dare look back as she ran quickly through the woods dodging trees and once again ignoring the pain in her feet. She only stopped running once water begun pelting from the sky. A loud noise that sounded as if someone had dropped a large piece of wood. Then a bright purple light flashed across the sky. This was all so new and scary.

Eleven leaned herself up against a large tree as she panted trying to catch her breath. Catching her breath however, seemed to be harder when her lungs were harshly constricting in panic. Eleven then begun to cry. She wrapped her arms around her legs in an attempt to preserve body heat and maintain warmth.

Eleven laid under that tree for what almost felt like hours. Until she heard, a twig snap and voices carrying. Oh no. This could not be good. Papa had already found her. She stood up wrapping her arms around herself silently walking to where she heard the voices. El stopped in her tracks when she saw three boys that seemed to be around her age.

The three boys turned towards her their lights shining brightly in her eyes. She panted from a mix of the rain and anxiety from seeing these new people. Her eyes locked with the boy in the middle. The tallest of the three. The one in the middle then began slowly approaching her.

“It’s okay we’re not going to hurt you.” The boy had a soft voice.

Eleven decided then she liked his voice.

“Here you look cold you can have my jacket.” A smile cracked across the boys face as he held his jacket out to her.

She tentatively reached a hand out grabbing the jacket and wrapping it around her shoulders.

“Here we can take you back to my house. I have enough room on my bike so that both of us can fit.” The boy said to her with a tiny smile.

The boy with the dark-coloured skin had a weird look on his face. The one with curly hair had an almost identical look on his face but less obvious. Eleven followed the boy with the dark hair out of the forest until they reached the edge of the forest. Where what she could best describe as a machine. It was tall and had 2 large wheels. One in front and one in back.

The boy climbed onto his bike then turned to where she stood.

“Here you can climb on the back.” He said gesturing the small space that was left on the back of the seat of the machine.

Eleven shyly walked over and climbed onto the seat.

“Here you might want to wrap your arms around my waist it’ll help me with balance and help you stay on.” He said shooting her another smile.

She tentatively wrapped her arms around the mystery boy’s waist. They began moving quickly along the road. The water was still pelting down from the sky.

It didn't take long for what the boy called a bike to come to a stop in front of a large building. Much like the one at Benny's place and like the lab. It was more so in-between the size of the two. The boy climbed off the bike and she took that as a hint to climb off after him. He began to walk to a door on the side of the building pushing the door to it open. He held open the door for the dark-skinned boy and the curly-haired one to enter. Eleven stood outside of the building wondering if she should go in or not. Whether it was safe to or not.

"You can go in." The boy said to her gesturing his head in the direction of the inside of the building.

Eleven nervously walked through the door to find a small room. There were many things in the room that Eleven was unsure of their names but they looked cool.

"Here you can sit down here." The boy said gesturing to the large sofa.

After Eleven had sat down on the couch the boy walked over to a white bowl with holes in the sides and pulled out what seemed to be clothes. The same loud noise that she had been hearing repeatedly rang throughout the room making Eleven jump in fear.

"Here these are clean." The boy with the dark hair said handing her a small stack of clothes.

She pressed her face up against the clothes. These felt soft and comforting. A complete contrast to the gowns she had to wear at the lab. Eleven shrugged the dark-haired boy's jacket off her shoulders and began to remove the shirt she was wearing. This seemed to cause heavy panic amongst the three she had met.

The curly haired one ran his hands through his hair and repeatedly said "Oh my God."

The one with the dark hair grabbed her wrists gently. "See over there?" He gestured towards a room. "That's that bathroom. Privacy. Get it?"

The boy followed her over to the bathroom and began to try to shut

the door. A flash of the bad man shutting her into her room flash through her mind. She firmly planted her hands on the door. The boy seemed confused by this

“You don’t want it closed?”

“No.” She said. “Oh, so you can speak! Well um, how about we keep the door just like this?” He closed the door almost completely but left a large enough gap that she could still see through it.

“Is that better?” He asked.

“Yes.” Eleven replied to him simply.

The boy then retreated away from the door and she began to change. Eleven listened to the three’s conversation as she pulled on the pants that were slightly too long for her. The dark skinned one and the curly-haired one seemed to think she was crazy. They said she had maybe escaped from something they called a “nut house” Eleven wasn’t entirely sure what a nut house meant but it didn’t sound pleasant.

After Eleven had finished changing into the warm clothes she exited the bathroom. She noticed that the dark-skinned one and the curly-haired one seemed to have left. In the corner, there was now a large mountain of blankets and pillows that were held up by wooden chairs. The boy told her that this was where she could sleep. Eleven crawled into the blanket thing. It was warm. Much warmer than the lab.

“Oh hey, I never asked for your name.” The boy said sitting down in front of her.

Eleven pulled up her sleeve to reveal the 011 marking.

The boy seemed excited at this “is that real?” he asked going to reach for her wrist.

Out of instinct, she jerked back.

“Sorry. I’ve just never seen a kid with a tattoo before.” The boy said



explaining himself.

“What’s it mean? Eleven.” He asked.

She pointed to herself.

“That’s your name?” He questioned.

Eleven nodded relieved he understood what she was trying to explain.

“Eleven. Okay um well my names Mike short for Michael. Maybe we can call you El short for Eleven?”

Eleven repeated El in her head. Yes, she liked that. She nodded her head at Mike.

“Okay well, night El.” He said.

“Goodnight Mike.” Eleven replied.

Mike stood up and pulled a flap down over her sleeping area. She listened as Mike’s footsteps padded up the stairs. El laid her head down on the pillow. Mike had not treated her like she was crazy or like she was less than human. She liked Mike.

### **Author's Note:**

Thoughts?

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